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Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph J. Hoffman deceased.
We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Martin W. Jones in the township of Rush in said County, on Monday the 5th day of October A. D. 1914 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate and that four months from the 3rd day of August A. D. 1914 are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.
Dated the 3rd day of July A. D. 1914.
MARTIN W. JONES,
CHARLES H. HUST,
Commissioners.

NOTICE TO OWNERS

To the Owners or Owner of Any and all Interests in or Liens Upon the Lands Herein Described.

Take notice, that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a re-conveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned or to the register in Chancery of the county in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereon, and the fees of the sheriff for the service or costs of publication of this notice to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other addition or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.
Said land is described as lots five and six block twenty-four of Geo. T. Abrey's Wood-lawn Park Addition to the City of Owosso, according to the recorded plat thereof, in Shiawassee County, State of Michigan.
The amount paid for the 1910 tax was \$4.65. Amount necessary to redeem \$14.26 plus the fees of sheriff and costs of publication.
To Michael Nagel and John P. Nagel, owners as last granted in the regular chain of title therein as appears by the records in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county.
WARREN PIERPONT,
Address, Owosso, Mich.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cures itching and restores hair. Restores hair to its natural color. Prevents hair falling. Write for full particulars.

The Divorcing Umbrella

How It Settled the Trip to New York

By WILLIAM HUGO PARKE
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Benjamin Franklin Todd sat down on the plush seat beside his wife of two hours and thirty-seven minutes, pulled down his white waistcoat to fit snugly that portion of his anatomy that it was intended to fit, and peered past Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd into the mystery of the darkening train shed.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, puffing out his chest proudly. "The folks back home said we couldn't get to New York City alone, did they? I'll show 'em. Why, Pansy, the worst is over; we're on the right train, anyway."

"They don't know how smart my Benjy is," she averred coolly.

"Course we'll get there!" Benjy assumed an expression of vast pride. He was bursting into speech when a sudden panicky thought forced the glance of his china blue eyes upward toward the baggage rack overhead.

He made a quick mental inventory of his and his bride's belongings.

"Pansy! The shrill treble held a note of utter horror. "I forgot the umbrella!" he wailed.

A glance at his watch reassured him that the train would not leave for six minutes.

"Oh, Benjy! And it was our wedding present from Uncle Elihu!"

"I'll get it. It's in the lunch room," he declared, with importance.

"You'll get left sure," worried his wife. "Don't go, Benjy. It'd be just awful to get separated so soon."

"Leave it to me," ordered the young husband. "If you're nervous while I'm gone just walk to the very last car of the train, an' you can see me comin' back."

He trotted through the car and hopped down the steps.

A boy in a shabby uniform and visored cap passed close by.

"Say, boy," piped Benjy, "want a job?"

"Don't mind," said the boy sadly.

"My umbrella. I left it in the restaurant. Upstairs, you know—across there. It's a wedding present. You bring it here, an'—an' I'll fix you up, I will."

"A' right, a' right." The boy turned away wearily. "Wait here," he threw over his shoulder.

Benjy waited obediently, but nervously. When he was sure that the boy had been gone half an hour at least he looked at his watch. There was still a minute to spare. He grasped the hand rail of the last car and held on with grim determination. At any rate the train could not escape him.

A tall, gangling man in overalls, carrying a lantern and hammer, passed, regarding him curiously.

"Hey!" called Benjy. "Train for New York leave on this track?" he queried to make conversation.

"Yep—track 13."

The bridegroom shivered; he was naturally superstitious. The next moment he caught sight of the boy coming through the gate with the precious umbrella in his hand.

"Here I are!" said the boy, holding out the umbrella, furtive first.

Mr. Todd offered a dime, which was scornfully rejected, augmented the fee with a quarter and turned to fly, coming into violent contact with his gangling friend.

"Where ye goin'?"

"To catch my train!" gasped Benjy.

"Too late; it's went," said the tall one placidly.

The belated bridegroom's hands shot up and clutched the reassuring brass rail again.

"It ain't went! It ain't went!" he shrieked. "I've got ahold of it!"

With the contemptuous calmness of his class, the railroad man pulled Benjamin Franklin to one side and pointed. The car had been left.

"My wife! My wife!" shrieked the youthful husband wildly. "Oh, what will I do? I've lost my wife!"

"Come with me."

They raced across tracks, through car vestibules, up a flight of iron stairs and burst into a large room where a myriad of telegraph instruments chattered their unintelligible gossip all at once.

To Benjy they seemed to mock his plight in a gay abandon of meaningless sound. The overalls came to a halt beside a young man with a green shade over his eyes, whose fingers rested idly for a fraction of a second on his key.

"Herb, this kid's lost his mother—I mean his wife. She went out on 44. Shoot a message to Clancy, will yer? An' see if you c'n get 'em together again."

"All right; catch 'im at Brightside," Herb complied. "Name? Description?" he barked, glancing at Benjy.

"She—she's a big, tall girl," blurted her husband—"about two inches taller 'n me, an'—"

Herb snickered. "Go on," he ordered crisply.

"An' her name's Pansy Butterworth."

Herb was calling BS, BS. "Got 'em," he grunted.

"Wait! No, it ain't!" cried the forgetful husband. "It useter be Pansy Butterworth, but it's Mrs. Todd now—"

Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd. Have you got her on the end of the wire? he asked anxiously, biting his finger nails.

"I've caught Clancy at Brightside. He'll answer from Newville."

"Better come outside," urged the guide. "Be about five minutes before you c'n get an answer."

Benjy walked out of the stuffy room in a daze, the tall man going off about his own affairs with the promise that he would return shortly.

The crisp air cleared Mr. Todd's brain somewhat, bringing a sharp realization of his unfortunate predicament. Of course Pansy would be found soon, but would he have the nerve to continue that perilous journey to New York after his ignominious blunder?

He clenched his pudgy fists and stamped one tiny foot in impotent anger.

His high friend jogged his elbow.

"Time fer yer answer," he remarked. Again they confronted Herb.

"Anything doin'?"

"Got Clancy all right. He says there is no such party on the train."

Herb grabbed a pencil and became intensely interested in the dot and dashed remarks of a man down the line.

"I've lost her! I've lost her!" Benjy's wail drowned momentarily the brassy voices of the sounders.

A thick set, iron gray man strode into the room with an authoritative manner.

He glanced sharply at the tiny figure in his path.

"What's the trouble?" he rasped.

"My wife!" choked Benjy. "She's alone in this town an' I ain't with her to protect her. It's all because the train pulled out on an' I had ahold of it all the time, an'—"

"Here! Start that all over again," cut in the thick set man brusquely.

Painfully Benjy retraced his declamatory steps and recited his tale of woe.

The human interest element of his story met with no response; his hearer was evidently thinking of more weighty practical matters.

"An' there I was," moaned the little fellow in conclusion, "holdin' on to the last car fer dear life an'—an' the train just busted in the middle an' up an' went."

The thick set man's frown evinced his sudden interest. Here was something worthy his attention. This was more important than interrupted honey-moons—something practical.

"Somebody call Barton and Manning," he ordered in a flintlike voice.

Two men in uniform appeared and fairly groveled before their frate chief.

"Say," he burst out, "that's the second time this week that you fellows have left a dead car on 13. What do you think we're running here—a civilized station or a guessing contest—hey? I don't suppose the car was placarded, hey?"

No answer except a confused murmur and the scuffling of feet.

"Suppose you left the doors unlocked, too, hey?"

The gangling car inspector had a perfectly good thought. It flashed forth, sending a look of almost human intelligence across his masklike countenance.

He nudged Benjy. "Be back in a minute," he whispered as he dived through the door.

Benjamin Franklin had an indistinct impression that he was overhearing two men getting theirs in no uncertain terms. But he had a decidedly more distinct impression of what he should say to Ma and Pa Butterworth when he returned to Bayfield—alone. Pa was not so bad; he was a sort of weak sister himself.

But Ma Butterworth! The tears coursed frankly down the bridegroom's round cheeks at the thought and dripped dolefully on his gala waistcoat.

His grim reverie was interrupted by the reappearance of the gangling one, who thrust his head in at the door.

"Found her!" he announced laconically.

An amazing leap brought Mr. Todd to the threshold. Two more landed him at the foot of the stairs. By dint of the utmost effort he kept the flying overalls in sight, over tracks again and through vestibules.

They came to a final stop beside the fatal car.

"Seen her inside," vouchsafed the inspector and discreetly disappeared.

Benjy flew up the stairs—and paused.

In the superexcited celebration with which the next moment was fraught burst into refulgent being the reputation for impregnable strength that would be his forever—so far as his wife was concerned.

He opened the door and entered the car jauntily.

There, among her various belongings, sat Pansy in the sharp radiance cast through the car window by an arc light overhead.

"Hello, Pansy!" he greeted her easily. "You all right?"

"When is this train goin' to start?" she asked, a bit anxiously.

"The train for New York? Oh, that's went," said Benjy in an offhand manner. "You don't care such an awful lot about goin' there, do you?"

"I don't much care where we are," she glanced at him coyly—"so long as we're there together."

"That's the way I figured it out," said Benjy, his chest swelling perceptibly. "You see, I sent a boy fer the umbrella—here 'tis—an' he didn't come, an' I got nervous. When it got along about train time, course I knew that you'd come into the last car like I told you—an'—an'—"

Benjy gave free rein to his imagination. "I told a railroad feller to uncouple it—I didn't want you to have to change again. He kinder kicked at first, but I slipped him—a-a quarter."

Pansy looked up, admiring, awe-struck.

"My, but you're smart, Benjy!" she murmured, adopting then and there her lifelong mental attitude.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE
BIBLE STUDY ON

WICKED VINE-DRESSERS.
Matthew 21:33-46—Aug. 16.

"The Stone that the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."—Matthew 21:42.

NOT only did the Redeemer teach chiefly by parables, but nearly all of those parables related to the Kingdom. The reason for this is plain. The Divine Plan calls for the setting up of the Kingdom of Righteousness by Divine Power for the overcoming of the Prince of Darkness, whose reign of six thousand years has been a Reign of Sin and Death. Today's lesson points indirectly to the Kingdom.

While the whole world lay in sin and under Divine sentence of death, God planted in the world a root of Promise, a hope. This Promise, made to Abraham, foretold that his seed would eventually become very powerful and would cause God's blessing to fill the earth and roll away the curse. In due time this Promise came to the nation of Israel, Abraham's posterity and heirs of the Promise.

Thus God planted a vineyard in the world, the Jewish nation, bound to Him by their Law Covenant. He set a hedge about them—the Divine promise that as long as they were faithful and loyal to God, they would be thoroughly protected against their enemies. Jehovah Himself was their Watch-tower. He placed as watchmen the Prophets, who warned the people in respect to every breaking down of the wall; for this protection could be broken down only by disloyalty, carelessness, sin, or Israel's part.

The Original Vine-Dressers.
While the entire nation of Israel is represented by the vineyard, the husbandmen were the religious leaders. These vine-dressers became conceited and acted as if they were the owners, and not merely the Owner's servants. Even in their speech they became accustomed to call the people "our people," "my people," etc. Thus they failed to glorify God properly, and felt themselves to be more than the servants of God, honored in being permitted to be vine-dressers in His vineyard.

In due time the Owner, Jehovah, sent His servants, the Prophets, to Israel. These servants and their messages became tests of the loyalty of the vine-dressers and of the character-development of the people. But also: the vine-dressers' pride and desire to show off before the people prompted the mistreatment of the Prophets. Some of the servants they beat, others they stoned, others they killed.

Finally the Owner sent His Son. The Bible informs us that God foreknew that Israel's rulers would crucify the Son. But the parable states the matter as though the Owner had said, "They will reverence My Son." Surely the Jewish rulers should have recognized Him of whom people declared, "Never man spoke like this Man." Surely they should have hearkened to His Message, should have repented of their sins and come back through Him into harmony with God.

However, the spirit of selfishness and self-conceit often leads its possessors to monstrous acts which afterward appal even themselves. The Jewish Doctors, clergy of that time, perceived that Jesus, the Son of God, Representative of the Owner of the vineyard, exerted a mighty influence over the people. They reasoned that to whatever extent His cause should prevail, their power, their influence, their titles, their honors of men, would fade.

In their exasperation against Jesus, the vine-dressers determined that His death was necessary for the success of their theories and plans. They did not realize that their course would lead to the destruction of that typical kingdom of God, that typical vineyard. The parable was fulfilled. God's judgment

The Stone that the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."—Matthew 21:42.

The Builders Rejected. In A. D. 70 it was overthrown, and has never since been restored, nor will it be until Messiah shall establish His Kingdom.

The New Vine-Dressers.
The Lord said that they were wicked vine-dressers. He appointed new ones—the twelve Apostles, St. Paul taking the place of Judas. Moreover, He started a new vineyard, putting into it only the true Vine. Of this vineyard our Lord said, "I am the Vine; ye are the branches." Century after century these true branches of the true Vine have been planted by baptism into death with their Master and have been bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Ere long, we believe, this fruitage will all be gathered and, by the resurrection "change," be transplanted into Heavenly conditions.

The Scriptures also represent the Church by a pyramid, which has five corner-stones, the chief one of which, the top-stone, is itself a perfect pyramid. Jesus, rejected by the Jews, crucified, is the Chief Corner-Stone of this great Temple of God, the Church. Already He is glorified, and His Church will soon be united to Him.

The Wicked Vine-dressers.

Without explanation or hint of his intentions, Endress on Oct. 26, 1891, suddenly left his wife and six-year-old son and vanished. Two days later Mrs. Endress received a letter from him postmarked New York, in which he said he intended to go to Europe. This, however, proved to be a hoax, for the mother received letters from him subsequently from California.

In the five years that followed the wife remained constant in her hope and belief that the man would return. His mother, brother and sister corresponded with him at long intervals and finally induced him to return to Philadelphia.

This he did in 1896, remaining about six weeks at the home of his sister, Mrs. Susanna O'Donnell, 117 South Fifty-ninth street. Then, as suddenly, as he disappeared the first time Endress again vanished. On Dec. 21, 1897, his mother received a letter from him at St. Louis. That was the last message.

As the years passed his relatives finally came to the conclusion that he had died. The wife's devotion remained unwavering until finally it was conceded by all his friends and relatives that he would never be heard from again. So the wife married Eugene Kramer.

Mrs. Kramer died on March 11, 1911. The son, who was then twenty-six years old, applied, as the only heir at law, to the orphans' court for letters of administration on the estate of his father. Before the application could be acted on death claimed young Endress. This was on Feb. 16, 1913. Then the estate reverted to the mother of the missing man, and she was substituted for her grandson in the petition for letters of administration.

Declared Legally Dead.
An examiner who took testimony reported to the court that Endress' legal death had been established. Upon this report Judge Anderson on Oct. 3, 1913, directed the register of wills to issue letters of administration to the qualified person or persons. The papers, however, were not taken out.

On returning to Philadelphia recently and learning he would have to prove himself alive to the courts Endress placed the case in the hands of a lawyer. Endress is living in Morristown, N. J.

As Result of Remarkable Surgical Operation Man May Walk.

As the result of a remarkable surgical operation, Frank Harrington, fifty-nine, of Vestal, near Binghamton, will hereafter be known as the man with the steel backbone.

A steel tube, jointed to make it as nearly as possible like the vertebrae of the spinal column, replaces twenty of the vertebrae which were crushed by a fall from a scaffolding.

Harrington, while working on a scaffolding several weeks ago, tripped and fell to the ground, landing on his back, crushing the lower and middle parts of the spinal column. Paralysis followed. He was taken to the hospital, where physicians finally decided upon the remarkable operation.

The surgeons removed the pieces of the twenty crushed vertebrae, then took a careful measurement of the part of the spine removed. They then inserted a steel tube shaped like the spine, with flexible points to correspond with the vertebrae.

Harrington was placed then in a plaster cast. He has improved so much that he is now able to move his legs in the bed, and surgeons believe he will recover and be able to walk as well as ever.

SEEL BACKBONE LATEST.

SEAL of the State of Lansing, this 22d day of July, in the year nineteen hundred fourteen.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
Secretary of State.

By D. H. MILLS,
Deputy Secretary of State.

Corinna, Mich., July 25, 1914.
To the Township Clerks and the Electors of Shiawassee County:

Sir:—You are hereby notified that at the Primary Election to be held in this state on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of August, 1914, for all political parties for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Representative in Congress, State Senators and Representatives in the State Legislature, also for nominating candidates by each political party in counties as prescribed by Act No. 31 of the Public Acts of 1909, as amended.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my signature and the Great Seal of the State of Lansing, this 22d day of July, in the year nineteen hundred fourteen.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
Secretary of State.

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SEEKS TO PROVE THAT HE'S ALIVE

New Jersey Man Is Legally Declared Dead.

ABSENT SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Survives Wife, Who Married Philadelphia, Believing Him Dead, but Finds Himself Grandfather—No Explanation of Wanderings For Many Years. Sues Mother to Recover Estate.

John H. B. Endress, who estranged himself as father, son and husband and disappeared seventeen years ago, has reappeared only to find his wife and son dead and he himself declared legally dead in the courts.

His own family extinct, Endress nearest relative is his mother, and, curiously enough, he is suing her to recover an estate of \$1,000 which he had owned. The mother is Mrs. Georgiana Buzzard. Endress has filed a petition in the orphans' court of Bernardsville, N. J., for the vacation of a decree by Judge Anderson declaring him to be legally dead, his absence having exceeded seven years. Judge Lamorelle has directed Mrs. Buzzard to show cause why the decree should not be set aside.

Endress is forty-nine years old. In 1883, at the age of eighteen, his petition states, he married Anna Clemens of New Jersey. Two years later their only child, a son, who was named Harry C. Endress, was born. They removed to Philadelphia and lived for a time with Mrs. Endress' father at 735 North Seventeenth street.

Husband Vanishes.
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